VOL. XXIV--NO. 28.

BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1856.

WHOLE NUMBER 1224

## Irofessional Cards.

ARRISON DIRECTORY.

FURNITURE,
will sell cheep for each or country procet 17 45 :154.

Demosile Day Goses, Ladies Dress Good

CORRER MARRY AND WALROY STREETS.

PRATULE COUNTY DURECTORY

m. R. boson, Transgrov, she H. Quick, Auditor, the Cabren, Fessyler,

motion of the Peace.

W. A. J. Gildewell, Comm expires Peb 20, 1856 rancis Knecht, Commission expires Nov 6, 185 rancis A. Bowers, "Oct 13, 185

MION COUNTY DIRECTORY.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS GAFFE; Wilson, Alex. M. Paddock, and lease Suider, time expires September, 1854-7-8.

LINCK & PARQUEAR.

LINCE & PARQUHAR.

DR. O. H. MARTIN PETSICIAN AND SUBSECH, ANDERSONVILLE,

ressived at No. 1 Com

enry Selmoler, Commission expires May 10 1858 ernard Moorman " May 9, 1450 warra warea rowsesser.
teheti, Commission expires Sep 8, 1958
Barber, " Sep 15, 1856
lizon " May 2, 1859

> For thou wert over kind; I ask not for loss frugal fare— My fate I do not mind. I ask not for attire more gay

Suffee to make me fair to thee. Por more I murmur sot; But I would some of the hours May I not something know?

Subtract from meetings among men Each evening, and hear from me Make me companion of your soul, As I may salely be, If you will read, I'll sit and work, Then think when you're away; Less ted ious I shall find the time. Dear William, if you stay.

For your most studious hours; And teacher of those little ones You call your cottage flowers! And if we be not rich and great We may be wise and kind; No may your mind my mind.

DEATH OF BARBOUR.

The cause of freedom did not die, But lives and brightens over more: Each martyr dying in the cause,

From every lear for Barbour shed. A voice of freedom shall arise: A voice wide schoing o'er the world,

Each tone for murdered Barbour wept Shall rise a creature all divine, And brighter than the silvery stars, Those pearly drope of grief shall shine On treedom's pure and hely shrine. Lawieviste, Ind., May 9th, 1850.

With fainting hears, through deepest gloo I faltering tread life's weary road, And often by the way o'ercome, I halt beneath my heavy load.

Oh, nought can make life's journey bright.
Now thou art vanished from our sight,
Sweet Sistor. The spring is here we loved so well, The birds and brooks give music sweet The soft airs bresthe through wood and dell And wild flowers blossom at our feet. How glad my heart was wont to be When all these joys were shared by thee

But now, no gladness comes with spring: The brightest thing—'tis dark, 'tis drear; Nor bird, nor stream, nor flowers are de plucked the earliest and to see, low can I bear their smile to see, Sweet Sister

A shrine within our hearts is thine,
And daily incense there ascende:
Though gone from sight, I call thee mine;
Thy memory light to darkness lends—
So dear, so pleasant was thy stay,
Thine image cannot fade away,

But while our tears fell on thy tomb, We joyed to feel life's winter o'er: Twas spring with thee for evermore,

Then not for thee our burden is: Sweet is thy rest, and sweet thy song: Tis thine to know a full release From griefe and pains endured so long;
To know the joy, the biles, the love,
The song the ransomed sing above,
Sweet Sister.

Who see their Savior face to face,
And praise his love in ceaseless song.
Thy sighs, and tears, and sorrows past,
Immortal life is gained at last, Sweet Slater

Oh, dear to me that heavenly rest, Ind dark and rugged seems life's way; I'll patient wait lill douth shall free;
With joy I then will go to thee,
Sweet Sister.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL. You took me, William, when a girl, Unto your home and heart, To bear, in all your after life, A fond and faithful heart,

That duty to forego. Or grieved because k had no joy When you were sunk in wool No. I would rather share your tears Than any other's glee,
For though you're anthing to the world.
You're all the world to me— You make a palace of my shed, This rough bewn bench a throne:

There's sanlight for me in your smiles,

And music in your tone. I look upon you when you sleep, My eyes with tears grow dim: Look down from heaven on him; Behold him toil from day to day, Exhaust his strength and soul; O, look in mercy on him, Lord, For thou canst make him whole."

Has on my eyelide closed, How oft are they furbid to close In slumber, by our child! I take the little murmurer, That spoils my span of rest, And feel it as a part of thee I lull upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long; And it may soothe thee when I'm where The wretched feel no wrong: I ask not for a kinder tone,

And as my heart can warm your heart.

[From the Indiana State Journal

BY BER. J. S. PARKER. When Borrains the poissoned cup

Drank off, and passed away from earth.

Virtue died not with floorates: A creature, if of heavenly birth, Still lives and reigns upon the earth.

Thus, when the martyr Barbour died, When for the cause of truth and right. He yielded up his Sickering breath— As yields the day king's glorious light Before the gathering shades of night.

And mounting upward to the skies, Doth from his mouldering form arise.

Selected Boetry.

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